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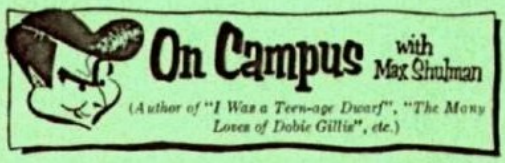

THE TRUE AND HARROWING FACTS ABOUT RUSHING

It is well enough to sit in one's Morris chair and theorize about sorority rushing, but if one really wishes to know the facts, one must leave one's Morris chair and go out into the field. (My Morris chair, incidentally, was given to me by the Philip Morris Company, makers of Marlboro Cigarettes. They are great-hearted folk, the makers of Marlboro Cigarettes, as millions of you know who have enjoyed their excellent cigarettes. Only from bountiful souls could come such mildness, such flavor, such filters, such pleasure, as you will find in Marlboros! For those who prefer crushproof boxes, Marlboro is available in crushproof boxes. For those who prefer soft packs, Marlboro is available in soft packs. For those who prefer to buy their cigarettes in bulk, please contact Emmet R. Sigafoos, friendly manager of our factory in Richmond, Virginia.)

But I digress. I was saying that in order to know the true facts about sorority rushing, one must go into the field and investigate. Consequently, I went last week to the Indiana College of Spot Welding and Belles Lettres and interviewed several million coeds, among them a lovely lass named Gerund McKeever. (It is, incidentally, quite an interesting little story about how she came to be named Gerund. It seems that her father, Ralph T. McKeever, loved grammar better than anything in the world, and so he named all his children after parts of speech. In addition to Gerund, there were three girls named Preposition, Adverb, and Pronoun, and one boy named Dative Case. The girls seemed not to be unduly depressed by their names, but Dative Case, alas, grew steadily more morose and was finally found one night dangling from a participle. After this tragic event, the father abandoned his practice of grammatical nomenclature, and whatever children were subsequently born to him—eight in all—were named Everett.

But I digress. I was interviewing a lovely coed named Gerund McKeever. "Gerund," I said, "were you rushed by a sorority?"

"Yes, mister," she said, "I was rushed by a sorority."

"Did they give you a high-pressure pitch?" I asked. "Did they use the hard sell?"

"No, mister," she replied. "It was all done with quiet dignity. They simply talked to me about the chapter and the girls for about three minutes and then I pledged."

"My goodness!" I said. "Three minutes is not very long for a sales talk!"

"It is when they are holding you under water, mister," said Gerund.

"Well, Gerund," I said, "how do you like the house?"

"I like the house fine, mister," she replied. "But I don't live there. Unfortunately, they pledged more girls than they have room for, so they are sleeping some of us in the bell tower."

"Isn't that rather noisy?" I said.

"Only on the quarter-hour," said Gerund.

"Well, Gerund," I said, "it has certainly been a pleasure talking to you," I said.

"Likewise, mister," she said, and with many a laugh and cheer we went our separate ways—she to the campanile, I to the Morris chair.

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